



Dirka Dirka
acrostic poems

by Ray Scott

Night time

Rounds

oğrın

Dirka Dirka

Acrostic Poems



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The Never Ending Story

Never ending story.

Every day the same thing,

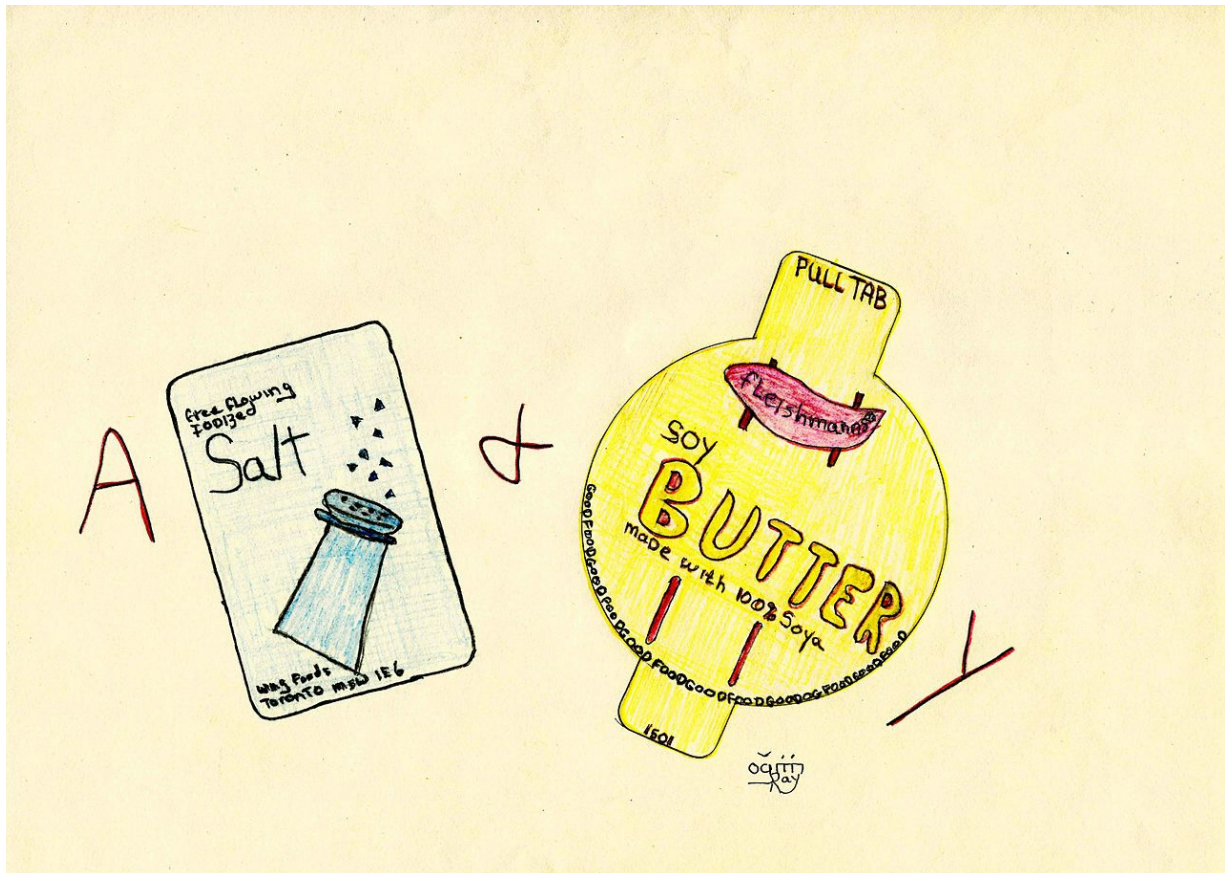
I'm weary of the monotony.

Freedom, or the lack thereof
is in the repetition and the echo.

Someone playing scrabble now,
has a new partner, but not new,
same words, same sentence.

Eight months less a day and
what was the bald guy thinking?
Fist before brain, exchanging jail
instead of freedom on the outside.

Same old never ending story.
he'll be in here again.



Bum Fluff

Can't stop laughing
and slapping my knee!
Never thought upon returning
they'd all have shaved heads.
Everyone with a goatee.
Everywhere bum fluff on the chin.
New Don Cherry's everywhere!

Stool Pigeon

Distant sounds erupt
under the guise of water
rolling off of someone's back,
keelhauled past the cage
and thrown across brick tiles.
Distant sounds, distant.
upon the benches, no smiles,
room less crowded, one less bird
killed, three pencils behind the ear,
and no one saw anything,
talking slowly begins.

Yearning - Peeling

Yearning for the outside,
air, wind, sun, and falling
rain, hand touches the bars, head
down, grass is so close, just
under his feet, through the concrete.
Prisoners just in from court
jostling and teasing the new fish.
Up against the wire cage,
a gust of wind blows leaves
under the electrified fence,
past his gaze, past the bars, out there,
not in this concrete jungle.
Eyes inside, inside voice says,
waiting for court, bail, jug up.
Something to avoid going to seg, shup.
Unless he remains here patiently
peeling away the skin just above the vein.

Lockdown

Seven days in lock down.
Ass sore from hooping a
rock and getting caught.
Another 80 hooped to me, so
next jugup goes to the celly
who's coming off of Methadone.
Racking my brain over petty crimes
and vengeance on the outside, then
pussy whipped and back in here again.

Professor Pops

My lack of friends
on the outside is alarming!
Never thought to be deserted
on the outside, watching fellow
prisoners lined up for visits from
outside this Pandora Box.
Letters sent unanswered so
you'd think there was
someone at the post office
culled only my mail and then
returned to sender on them,
a vendetta, personal punishment
because they misinterpreted my crime
because they believed all the lies
leaked by television, newspapers and radio.
Everyone returns smiling, I just sigh.

Twenty-Nine Year Olds

Bent over their books
right after library day,
ochre morning sun shines
clear across the room,
offering little heat today.
Lunch: pasta and vegetables.
Listening to Jerry Springer afterwards,
inmates, thieves, dealers, hounds,
fall out of their cells after meals
and the din increases exponentially,
right up until the movie begins.
Twenty-nine tough men silently watching Shrek.

Women's Range

Can't seem to get ahead
out in the real world
under the long arm of the law,
right on my back, never alone,
they are always nearby.
Lately I've had the urge to run
across rooftops, sleep in alleys,
where I can hide the pain, I'm
years younger than I look. They say
everything depends on one little word,
respect. All I need is self-respect.

Random Acts of Kindness

Random acts of kindness
ended at the steel doors,
suspicion reigns here now.
Prepare yourself for bruises,
everywhere, outside and in.
Cute guy's in the shower.
Truthfully, he won't last.
First, the inside voice screams
until all he hears is the shower...
La la la la fingers in his ears, rocking...
La la la la la la...

How God is Good Enough

Dim light of morning.
Islands in the storm.
Sands on all the beaches.
Receding from a dream.

Ever since I lay down,
something's just not right.
People are calling my name.
Everywhere I see the light.

Coming to be with you, my God, as
toes lift off this concrete sod.

Noise up!

Finding time to be alone in an
environment totally different than
most of my public solitude is
almost overwhelming and non-existent.
Left in my concrete cell, voices are
everywhere, distant hum is
growing on me like a parasite
under the guise of new friendships
arguably logical like Scrabble words
row of letters, each alone.
Decidedly alone in a gaggle of words,
securing my thoughts in all of the voice noise
and finding my alone time is distracting,
reinforcing my attention deficit. Maddening
everyday crowded noise-up distractions
hasn't anyone here wanted a moment
of silence. A pregnant pause during the day
to, for once, think they are truly alone.

False Teeth

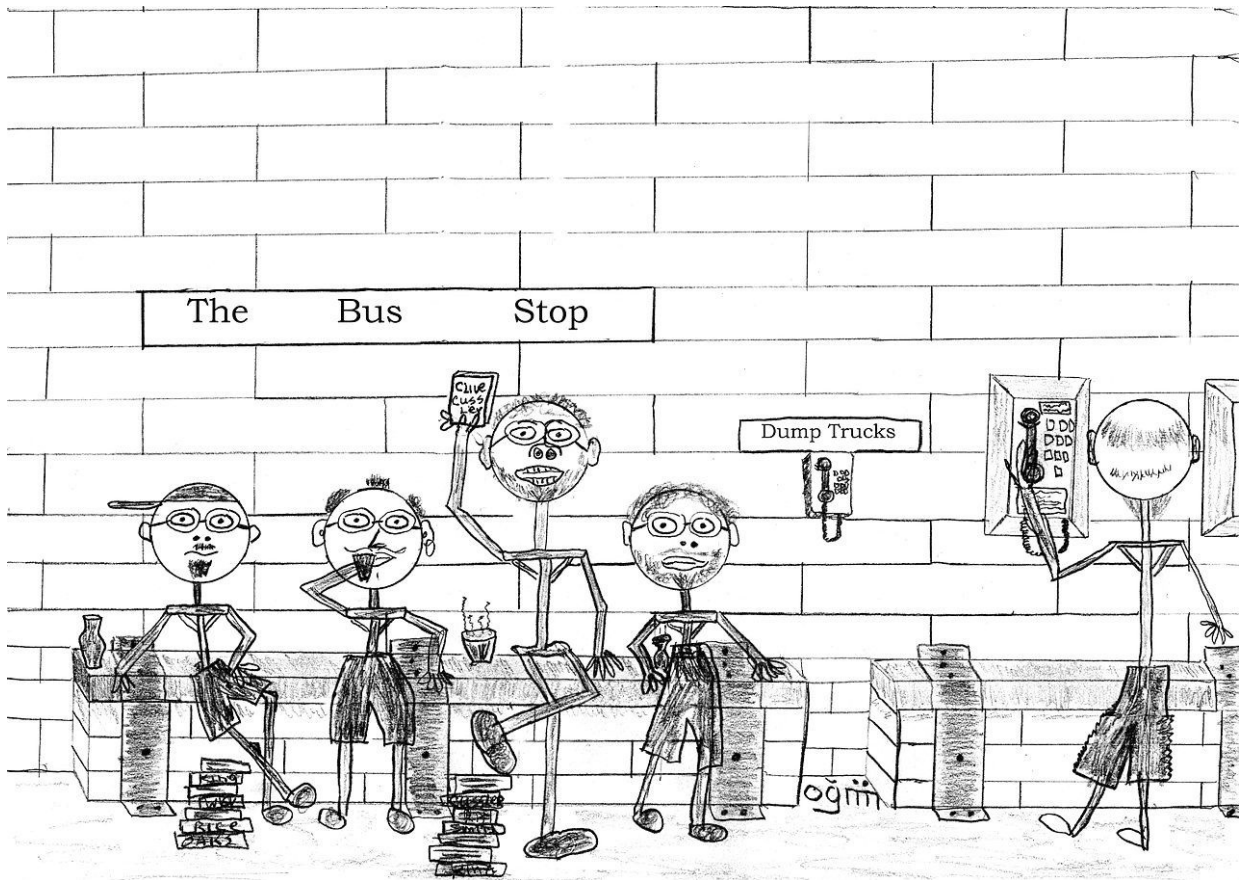
Fake smiles: NOT.
As lips part, Giaconda
like smile, false teeth
slide down, tongue pushes
ever so slowly past real
teeth but no grip, pushed
easily out of the mouth, laughing
easily out of a toothless grin,
then, hilarious gaping maw
has them slipped back in, seriously.
FFOEG, last scrabble letters
and on the other side; BUTNRUK.
Teeth back in place, lips
pursed in deep concentration,
add the three hundred totals,
Canasta math this is not.
Knows he has the answer,
inches forward, upper teeth drop, winner's smile.

Distant Lightning

Distant lightning, waking
under a grey fall sky,
morning cardboard coffee
pancakes, waffles and syrup
tons of starch and sugar
racing through my veins.
Under 120 pounds upon arrest
calories stick to me like
Kraft cheese on peanut butter.

Broken Cup Shank

Watching as my jug-up
has just been delivered
into the known welcher's hand
thinking he's up to no good
every kite out of here
seems to have us in lockup.
He does this for jug-up?
I never miss it anyway. I
reserve the next broken cup shank
to thank him personally, in the neck.



Wide Sargasso Sea

Closing my eyes at cell time
rush of vented circulation air
yearning for a warmer temperature
sailing or maybe just floating
towards some tropical island or sleep
always afloat, always safe, warm
lumps of sunlight on my Buddha belly.
Moving with the gentle ocean tide
euphoric escape from
the wide Sargasso Sea entanglement into
heavenly mermaid loving ocean arms
everywhere as I stare up at the sky
under a cloudless sun, floating,
paddling slowly, drifting, drifting off
homeward bound, island bound, sand bound
over and over the gentle waves roll, I
reclining in the arms of Morpheus
in and out, in and out I breathe
air far different from the cell I leave every night.

Dirka Dirka

for Dan

Various degrees of sound
inflict the still state air
Damn!
echoes against concrete walls
over high decibel conversations
Crap!
out of his mouth, invectives
uttered since he was nine
re-energize his cross-wired synaptic
Turrets Syndrome brain.

Someday

Someday when
my name is cleared,
unless I die first, a
decision will be made
giving me back my life,
in which case, looking back
never looked so good, only
God knows I've changed.

FM 96

Listening to the radio
over the outside voice noise,
very many styles have
evolved since the invention of
Rock and Roll and the unfortunate
evolution of Crap, I mean Rap,
singing to bad poetic rhyme.
Tuning out the commercials.
Rotating the dial for more music
and Mindy in the Morning, announcing
in her sexy, sultry voice once an hour
news from the outside world.

Poem Titles = Hidden Acrostic Words

The Never Ending Story

New Fish New Fish

Bum Fluff

Canteen

Stool Pigeon

Durka Durka

Yearning Feeling

Yard Up Jug Up News Up

Lockdown

Saran Wrap

Professor Pops

Monopoly Scrabble

Twenty-nine Year Olds

Broccoli Fart

Women's Range

Court Lawyer

Random Acts Of Kindness

Respectful

How God is Good Enough

Disrespect

Noise Up

Female Guards Are Hot

False Teeth

False Teeth Fat Packi

Distant Lightning

Dump Truck

Broken Cup Shank

White Shirt

The Wide Sargasso Sea

Crystal Meth Euphoria

Durka Durka

Video Court

Someday

Smudging

FM 96

Love Restrained

Dialogues

(satire on the EMDC riots of 2012 & 2013)

Scene:

A dim lit cave on the outskirts of Londonius. Barely accessible by the Exit Road, in Ur. Or as it used to be known by the Ancient Mystic Order of Orange; Exit Ur Road. In this cave sit three companions discussing the events leading up to their being there, sitting on stone chairs and sleeping on stone beds carved by the drugged laborers who also cart food to the sacred caves. The three companions have been discussing the leading questions and sirius mysteries for 711 days or as they like to say; two years less a day.

The Characters:

Fabricatus Perdus, also known as Turtle Dove to his family and friends. However, he has returned to this mysterious and learned Cave so often that he has few friends left. In his youth he invented the pounce and kill Chess game, at the Londonius Teen Challenged Farm for little agricolas and nymphettes and don't forget the oxy morons.

Antonius Ignotum Ignotius hails from a long line of interlocutor and prognathous poets. The oldest of the three companions who has worn the same indigo shirt so long that it is almost white. His best train of thought often becomes a circle or at best, an ellipse.

Nulli Secundus is the most learned of the three, having translated most of the Koran into Hebrew and memorized the Delphic Oracles treatise on the sacred word: KEYUP. As a youth he developed Paint By Numbers for the tattoo enthusiasts at the Ontario Blue Water Animal farm.

Today's Dialogue [keep in mind that a day to these Demi-gods could be longer than that of ordinary man (or the lesser wo-man) as time appears static in this cave where there is little light or physical activity, but I digress.]

Antonius: You speak of the ego, Fabricatus, as if you were the only one with insight into this enigmatic hooping of ideas we find stuffed into the entrails of that Babylonian God, Uranus. I must entreat you with protest. Proclaim your voice of opinion insipid and not unlike a wide eyed shy child the exact opposite of ego of which you speak. Did not only yesterday our esteemed colleague here, Nulli Secundus, quell our ignorance of alter-ego and enlighten us with his intellect?

Fabricatus: Yes, I succumb to your embellished argument and ask either one of you gentlemen if per chance you have had the fortunate or unfortunate pleasure of encountering the magnanimous ego of Ogre the Shramite? He was a recent visitor to our fair city and had us all under his spell. Enough to make one languish in the arms of Morpheus. As for hooping entrails of Uranus, that is only conjecture of elucidated forethought.

Antonius: A fair beating you have given this diatribe discussion, Fabricatus, and yes I have met with the Shramite at his library for a brief rendezvous and literary respite. He is ego personified and also does not lend any of his library to anyone but Marcellus of Brazillia.

Nulli Secundus: A library for only one person is not a library at all. It is like meaningless and idle chatter with only ones self. At least the Shramite let you partake of the words. I have recently lost words in this cave to both deaf ears and to black mould. You both succumbed to narcolepsi last months at my brilliant de profundus vocum.

Antonius: Ah, I disagree! Mine orbs were closed to better concentrate on your verbal elucidation. Forgive me if I have tainted . . . your ego . . . dear friend. Was that not your daughter, Sambuca, that graced the entrance of this Delphic cave? Tear the rust off my heart and the toga from my loins, I am in love.

Fabricatus: Nay to that Antonius, for I saw her too and she is one of the 711 days of servants and followers who bring us repast and subjugate themselves to us while we are here. She is seven of nine virgins left in the slums of Grey and William to service the high and mighty Roger of Essig. I have swum in the river of her loins last she was here and I will beg her stay next she ambles this way.

Antonius: Again, your ego, Fabricatus, to think that all you pontificate, e should enjoy. Your diligence in straying off topic is admirable but best we should maintain the ambience and equilibrium of a universal constant, that of this dialogue. Pray tell, Nulli Secundus, what is in the library of your soul?

Nulli Secundus: I have secured 101 books and 36 scrolls from the Great Library of Alexandria which as we speak is crossing the lake of Elliot and will soon be along the Ur of Exit to my estate in Londonius. They are all varied sources and titles and it will occupy my time and yours both, should you escape this Spartan bleak surrounding. Here is the good company of friends but it is too much like a jail. An overcrowded cave.

Antonius: I shall be the first friend to ensconce myself in soft chairs and partake of your company. I can share my ego as is the scope of this dialogue, as you favor us in sharing the knowledge of your library. I am in manuscript as we speak and perhaps one of your new tomes or scrolls will enhance my knowledge?

Fabricatus: And of course your ego my friend. Lo, yonder past the entrance of our current abode on the high pillar swings the sacred word at Delphi: KEYUP, up the hill anyways. It signals the end of our current stay. My ego needs to search other avenues of my life so I arise and bid you farewell.

[leaves]

Nulli Secundus: Yes, truth was never better said. It seems that only yesterday we inoculated the veins of this cave with the voices of reason. Verily I too must leave and plan the rest of my time before the caravan arrives.

[rises to leave]

Antonius: Farewell friends but I shall tarry a while as I see Sambucus walking half-naked up the path to talk and she will soon see that I am a master debater.

[the end]

Well not quite the end of the story as unbeknownst to these three friends and debaters, the blue-shirted Roman Legion in full dress battle armor has marched into Londinium, their batons raised, their masks are on their helmets and bags of crushed pepper to spray any interloper that gets in their way. The city was razed and burned to the ground and all the toilets smashed. Antonius and Sambuca were beheaded after being caught in flagrante delicto (he was not the great cunning linguist he thought himself to be); Fabricatus took the wrong Ur Road Exit and became permanently lost in the barrens; Nulli Secundus didn't lose his life or his library as the Roman Legion had gone through the Ontario Educational System and didn't know how to read or write, only print. What a bunch of Goofs!

[the real ending]